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your lame starling

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your lame starling

Juliana Lutz

while i wander our
sheets beautiful as a washerwoman
i prioritize the occasional closets
we sleep in for comfort and be sure
before you leave (if you leave first) the world
will not renounce us its perfect egret
shifting himself a safer distance and here
it is very common waking up
aisles full of preservatives and people say it
to each other all the time how they love
subway stations. imagine you are young
imagine you are two feet tall and
wanting to ride in a rickshaw
it is not that you remember arriving
at the silence of yourself
it is only that in this area of the world
the word for dog and the word for heart
sound very similar. but we love violent
acts of preservation. we love to eat
with the lights off and we love our love like
catching a pillow full of rabbits
with this heart and its crimped wings.
so small are its portions, our cured slices
we bite off before going to bed each night
that once cast aglow the wedding of our sleep
arrives firm handfuls of stardust
in which the importance of dreaming in animals
appears a little taller or entirely
our hibernation.